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VOL. 6. NO. 140.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

AUGUST 30,

1862.

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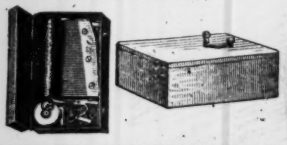

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SAD EFFECT OF THE CHANGE SCARCITY.

Thirsty Mortal.—"I HAVEN'T A CENT OF CHANGE, BUT I'VE JUST HAD A CLEAN SHAVE, ON TICK; CAN'T YOU GIVE ME A DRINK ON THAT?"

Catechetical.

Q. WHAT meat should iron be classed with?

A. Hard to say: sometimes it's "Bar," and sometimes it's "Pig."

SOLACE CUM SOLO.—A solitary bachelor's pipe.

Favorable to Furnaces.

WE constantly hear, now, of "the horrors of war coming home to our firesides."

Of course this is dreadful to contemplate, but there is one way of avoiding it. Live in houses heated with hot air.

Galloping Consumption.

CAVALRY foraging in the enemy's country.

Genesis and Exodus.

THERE is news from the Georgia coast that four of our gunboats were bombarding the batteries upon Genesis Point, near Savannah. Perhaps it would not be too much to expect that we shall hear of an Exodus from that Point before long.

THE SLANG FOR "CHANGING BASE."—Shoving the Queer.

Coal is King.

WINDALL PHILLIPS once declared to a sympathizing friend that the only king mentioned in history or song to whom he could ever have given allegiance, supposing he had lived at the period, was "Old King Cole"—because he must have been black!

THE EDITOR'S REVERIE.

INSCRIBED, WITHOUT ANY RESPECT, TO J. G. B.

I.

AN editor sat in his dirty den,
And he looked like a Scotchman, he did, did he,
And he held in his fingers a gray-goose pen,
But he wrote not, being in reverie.
And thoughts of the past came quick and fast
And held in his brains a jubilee!

II.

Then the editor lifted his aged head,
And unto himself he said, said he:
"There are millions of words that I have said
That are false as the veriest lies can be;
And many more that I'm going to say
Will be equally truthful, don't you see!

III.

"For, in fact, I'm a wise, consistent scribe,
On a curious pattern built, I know;
There are times when I firmly believe in a bribe,
And times when it isn't exactly so;
And now I am this, and now I am that,
And always I'm ready my trumpet to blow.

IV.

"I believe in Columbia, the land of the free;
And I also believe in the land of the slave;
And I think that the two are just fiddle-dee-dee,
While my bacon I eat, and my dollars I save.
And I think that I manage to make it pay,
And that's why the moral ones call me a knave.

V.

"For the people pursue me with dollars and dimes,
And they swallow 'sensations' of every sort;
I'm a wide-awake man, and I'm up to the *Times*,
And the *Tribune*, etc., I use for my sport;
And thus I'm an oracle—ha! ha! ha!
And public opinion, of course, is my forte.

VI.

"I tell 'em that England will intervene;
And I also say that she never will;
That LOUIS NAPOLEON is full of spleen,
And wishes Columbia every ill,
And is, moreover, an excellent man,
Disposed, on the whole, to keep very still:

VII.

"That ALEXANDER is on our side,
And that GARIBALDI 's a lucky hap
To keep the hands of the Emperor tied,
And hence that we needn't care for NAP,
But may fight away till the judgment-day—
All this I say with a flip and a flap.

VIII.

"In short, I tell 'em whatever I please,
And I please to tell 'em whatever will pay,
Which—especially so in times like these—
Is the only authentic, reliable way.
So the ink I spill with my gray-goose quill,
And I laugh and weep, and curse and pray."

LETTERS FROM A COUNTRY EDITOR.

NO. VI.

GREEN-GRASS, AUGUST 20th, 1862.

MR. TIBBITS is a good pious man, but wery apt to kind o' gin eout when he gits low spritted. Lost his keow the other day. She dint die o' the dropsy, judging by her milk. Horn distemper. Wery walbel crit'. Gin four quarts day. "Friend TUCKER," sed he, "it doos seem to me that we hev fallen on evil times. I'm pesky feered that we're all goin down together—down, down, down."

"Certingly we are," sed we, "and then up agin; that's the way o' the wurruld. Ef we should gup all the time, then we'd be in heaven—or down the hull time, then we'd be elsewhar. But here we are, and we hev to take things as they are, and work the masheen as we find it, put much as ABRAM said. It's nuffin but up and deown, right and left, hard and soft, sweet and bitter, and so on. Reason why? Because Providence knows it's good for us. Sich is life, my dear fren, an' ef we hed our press a-goin', we'd write an article abeout it."

We knowed what Mr. TIBBITS wanted wery well. Sympathy. Now we hev sympathy for any one who's broke 's leg or 's in jail, or is *ollers in a good humor*, but wery little indeed for one who is in low sprits. And we blieve that to be the case with mankind in gineral, as it is with us in particlekeler. Sympathy's put tough work, an' when we lays it eout we warnt it should go to the right spot, and do good to some poor distress-ed crittur, so's it wull be like oil and wine to him.

"Brother TUCKER," he proceeded, rubbin' his rhumatiz leg and rollin up 's eyes, "I mourn sore like doves for the kentry. I werily believe there is hardly one godly man left."

"What!" sed we, "they hevn't all gone to the war, hev they? Then we'll hev peas put soon, for they'll fight like Trojans. That's smart deal better'n groanin', brother TIBBITS." He dint like that much, but we don't like croakin. It's wus'n a cat concert.

"Don't you think," said he, "that folks hev changed wery much for the worse sin' we were boys? Human natur don' seem to be the same thing."

"Mr. TIBBITS, we will tell you suthin. Onct, when we were a boy—an' we felt abeout the same then as we do neow—we were at the gret carract of Niagry. There we see a dandy walkin on the piazzy with a little eye-glass with no rim onto it screwed into 's eye an' 's thumb in 's wescut holes.

"'Well, my friend,' sed he, wery important, wery patronisin', seein' we were from the kentry. 'D'ye think it foyne? D'ye think it foyne? Give us your views, young man.' We axed time to consider, because we hed a gret prospek before us. 'All right,' sed he, 'while you're makin up your mind, I'll give you a criticism.' He said he wanted we should remember it when we got hum. 'Now you may look at that *bit of water*'—them were his words—'fifty times a day, and you'll always see it different. Different fazes, d'ye understand, lights an' shadows—that is to say, artistically speakin'. Now I'm goin to ask that black man sweep in the piazza. He'll bear me out, as ye shall see.'

"'Fellow-citizen,' he sed to the aged colored individooal, 'how long have you waited at this hotel? I've me own reasons for asking.'

"'Twenty years, mas'r, come next Febry.'

"'*Ex*-actly! Very long time that! very, indeed! Now I want you to tell me, fellow-citizen, when you look at that fall—at that cataract yonder, don't it always assume a different *aspect*, d'ye understand, from what it had the last time you looked at it?'

"'E-yah! yah! guess not, massa, *putty much the same ole ting!*' and he kept on sweepin'.

"Twarnt long before that eye-glass cricket, he slink away to the *bar*, where he seem at hum, and left us alone with the gret carract. We knowed what he meant wery well about them falls. Sometimes they've got a thunderstorm on top of them, then again a rainbow, sometimes icebugs, or a piece of table-rock fallin' deown, sometimes SAM PATCH a jumpin' in—now winter and neaow summer fringin' em areound—and so on; but neither storm nor rainbow, summer nor winter, icebugs nor table-rock, or SAM PATCH to boot, make any diff'rence in the gen'ral look of the carract any more'n a fool does onto the edge of it. It's the same gret thing in all times and weathers. Got the same look—got the same mighty woice from life time to life time, and from etarnity to etarnity."

Mr. TIBBITS smiled ony a little bit, and rubbed his leg, and then because he see wery well what we were drivin' at, he sed what he ollers says when he can't quite agree with a man: "That's measurably so—measurably so;" but then he added with a most triumfinck expression, "it doos seem to me, although the scenery was too much for that man, and he *re*-tired—it doos seem to me that a fool spiles everything."

We went on to say: "It's just so with *human natur* as with that waterfall. Outside circumstances alter little bit, but it's the same ole thing in all times an everywhar, and forever. Sometimes we got a thunder-storm over our heads, and sometimes fair weather, but men are men, sometimes a little wuss and agin a little better, jist as they were before the Revolution war, and jist 's they wull be after this war.

"Yiss," sed he, "yiss, that's measurably so, but wice is more abundant, an whar's your ole fashion wirtues?"

"There's more wice," we replied, "because there's more people to be wicious, and jullike's not there's more rogues because there's more money; but, brother TIBBITS, *because your keow is dead*, the milk of human keindness isn't all dried up—we hope not—and ef your milldam was to run away it wouldn't carr' the hull world with it, and tho' our printin press is stop, Truth is mighty and wull prevail."

We see he was considerably riled up when we sed this, and begun to reach after his crutch to go away, but our principel is when a man depends on a crutch to get out o' the way of good sound doctrine so's he can't hear it, we allers put the crutch whar he carnt git it. So we ease off a little. We respek Mr. TIBBITS, none in the willage of Green-Grass more so. We will tell you another thing. You got good reason and argooment. Wery well, save em up a little. Twont do to be stickin' em in in all times, under all succumstances. Paps they wunt do no good—too much to expect it—to a man who has lost his keow, and got the rheumatiz. These are some of the principels of comming sense we hev ollers acted up to.

"Mr. TIBBITS," sed we, "things *do* look a little blue, but then it isn't best to say so; the fack is we *hev* been runnin down long before this war begun."

That pleased him.

"We've been a losin' dignity in the strife for office, and we've bin a-gittin' c'rupt as we threw off homespun, and growed rich, becomin' so ripe that we begin to be rotten."

That pleased him.

"Thinkin that government is for the benefit of those who govern—"

"Jis so," sed he, brightnin up, "instead of those who are governed, and talkin of government—"

"Wait a bit. Makin all the filanthropy that comes along, and there's smeärt deal of it with presidents and wice-presidents to help it, but a pesky little of it in the common run of every-day life—makin that filanthropy, we say, a tool for the demigods to be boosted into offis onto it, an work eout their own eends, and they pretendin' the hull time to be dyin' in love with their fellow critturs—"

"That's it," said Mr. TIBBITS, rubbin his hands and forgettin to rub his rhumatiz leg.

"Specoolatin' and makin capital out o' the most sacred things, tull our good men wont tend the primary meetins, and we'll hev nuffin to do with elections, because they know it's all cut and dried beforehand, committin' sacrileg' as ef they dint know that government was sacred—"

"'Yiss, yiss, talkin of government—"

"Wait a bit, Mr. TIBBITS. It is true we hev bin goin down hill, but there's one comfort, it's for so long a time that we must be put near the bottom, and then as we sed we'll go up again, jist as our coach does when it comes into Green-Grass every Wensday and Friday. The break is onto the wheels, the carriage is good, we guess the linchpins wunt come eout, but we must sit still, twont do to be hollerin, as ef we were skeered, or ess we'll hev the driver off the box, and the hull masheen upsot."

"That's measurably so," sed he, lookin' thoughtful.

"Another thing we want tell you, and then we've done. These are war times, and a good many of our nabars who are hurt the least are skeered the most. Whatever our p'sition is we've got to fight our way eout of it. We dunt want send all the pluck to the war and hev none left to hum."

"That's so," sed he.

"What! measurably? Mr. TIBBITS?"

"No," sed he, "that's so altogether. Brother TUCKER, could you gin me little bit o' your currant wine, for I'm ailin."

"Certingly, my dear fren, we got some five year old, and we'll uncork it for you, 's as clear's a ruby."

Mr. TIBBITS he holds glass up to the light, put it up to's meouth, press his lips together, shut his eyes—then he say, "Oh! oh! oh! 't's a cordial."

"Talkin' o' the war," sed he, "ef I hed a hunded sons I'd send em. I'm leetle stiff in the jints, but I feel to shoulder a musket, an' ole's I am, ef the kentry wants me, I b'lieve I'm good for a fight yet, as I was in the last war, friend TUCKER." And as he spake, he brandish his cane, his cheeks flush, and his eyes blaze with the fires of the most dewoted patriotism. He forget his keow, he forget his rhumatiz, he think of nuffin but fightin. So we gin him another glass of our currant wine, and the ole man's heart rejoice within him.

We done that we hev any think further wery particleker to communicate. Nothin local. But we hev fallen in with a nest of philosophers up to Green-Grass. Some of their argooments is as clear as

mud. They don' like us. Reason why? Because we make short work of them. Some of these days we will trot 'em eout, and you shall see how they talk. The flies is bad, and the season has been backard, but we guess the corn will git ripe. We hev hed blue, black, checker, huckle, straw, rasp, mul, goose, and other berries in abundance. We are, etc., your friend, etc., and brother, etc., in the printin business, etc., PERLEY C. TUCKER, etc.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

GOV. MORGAN took breakfast, day before yesterday, with his family, as usual. He is quite well, and expresses no fear whatever of being drafted.

Major-General JOHN CHAS. FREMONT is on active duty at his residence in this city. He has confidence in POPE. It is not true that he has refused the position of Commander-in-Chief.

A great many gentlemen with shoulder-straps are at Long Branch, on the Jersey coast. They are all invalids, but enjoy riding, walking, bathing, dancing, etc., very greatly. Is there anybody who would like to find them?

We are informed that Captain LYNCH, whose battery gracefully came home the day before the battle of Bull Run, is sojourning in Canada for a month or two. The Captain is extremely modest, and fears that Government means to present him with a sword.

Hon. OWEN P. LOVEJOY does not intend going to the war. He will undoubtedly remain at home until Members of Congress are drafted.

The *Herald* announces the (political) demise of Senator WILSON, of Massachusetts. This gentleman was formerly a cobbler, but got into bad company and became an Abolitionist. His (political) death was the result of (political) intemperance.

We learn that President LINCOLN is contemplating the issue of another order on the subject of exempts. The new list will, it is said, include Old Ladies and HORACE GREELEY.

A gentleman passed through Colt's Neck, N. J., on Thursday last, having in his possession two silver half-dollars, a dime, and a three-cent piece. [We give this statement for what it is worth.—EDS. V. F.]

We are authorized to contradict the rumor that General PHELPS is desirous of resigning in favor of an intelligent colored man. He merely proposes to raise a regiment of whites to be officered by Negroes. It is thought that the plan will hardly succeed.

An eminent physician reports an alarming increase of disease in this city from the fifth to the fifteenth of August. He says it is almost impossible to find a well, able-bodied man under forty years of age, except among the invalid soldiers at home on sick leave.

General GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN is now stopping at Harrison's Landing, Va. He is expected to visit Richmond shortly.

OUR "GARDE DOMESTIQUE."

PUBLIC attention—so much, at least, as can be spared from the subject of draft—seems to be directed toward the formation of an Exempt Guard, one of the duties proposed for which is "the maintenance of domestic institutions."

Among these latter, the greatest degree of importance must be awarded to such establishments as the kitchen, the laundry, and the nursery, all of which will be more or less thrown open to invasion in cases where Paterfamilias, their proper protector, has been conscribed away to the war.

It might be expedient, then, to divide the Exempt Guard into three battalions.

The one entrusted with the charge of the Kitchen and its appurtenances, such as bake-house, scullery, and larder, should be panoplied in a complete array of armor appropriate to that branch. This will afford a fine opening for tinsmiths of enterprising character, whose services will be called into requisition for soldering, or soldiering, up suits of plate-armor out of dish-covers. The colander helmet would be a capital head-piece for hot weather: it is an article about which there lingers a Strain of antiquity quite in character with a corps of Kitchen-Rangers.

As for the Laundry Guard—which might better be called the Wash-house Watch—we must be careful not to throw cold water on it, neither must it on any account be rendered liable to cold iron, which is not exactly the thing for getting up fine linen with. Watching the fluttering vestments as they hang out to dry, will be a principal occupation of these ferocious pandours, and it will be a new and pleasing feature of our street sounds to hear, at drowsy noon, the sentinel's sonorous report, "All quiet along the lines," passing from parapet to parapet throughout the city.

To guard that first of all "domestic institutions," the nursery will, indeed, be the post of danger and of honor for the faithful Exempts. Every mother's son of the Nursery Borderers should be sufficiently athletic to tend a baby-jumper on emergencies. They must be strictly temperate and abstemious men, ready to put up with the humblest rations that may be offered to them in the absence of Pap. Those who have served an apprenticeship to the sea will be preferred for this service, on account of their familiarity with squalls; and if any of them happen to have formerly been fishermen, so much the better, as their practice with the fishing-net will, of course, enable them to become quite *au fait* with the berceaunette, should anything in that way turn up.

We think that the above hints are entitled to consideration, when the hour arrives for organizing a "Garde Domestique."

LINES TO A WHAT-A-FOOL.

I.

WHITHER, when mails fall due,
And "copy" must be made without delay,
Far through thy prosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy military prey?

II.

Vainly the Censor's eye
Might mark thy dastard flight of spite and wrong,
As, darkly tainted with the crimson lie,
Thy "Nigger" flows along!

III.

Seek'st thou to splash thy ink
For needy mokes by Southern rivers wide,
Whilst Men like rocking billows rise and sink
In battle for Our Side?

IV.

The party power whose care
Teaches thy way—a wrong and ruthless host
With dirty and intolerable air—
Is wandering and lost.

V.

All day thy flings have fanned
The feud that shames our Northern atmosphere,
Yet stooped not to sustain our stricken land,
Now the dark night is here!

VI.

Ah! soon thy toils should end;
Soon should'st thou find a traitor's home, and rest
In jail among thy fellows; rods should bend
Soon o'er thy dotard crest.

VII.

Art done? There is no leaven
Can sanctify thy spawn; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

VIII.

When once more zone to zone
Is joined through boundless Time by solemn plight,
In the long way that thou must tread alone,
Turn thou, and seek the Right!

GREELEY'S VISION.

H. G., (in alarm.)—"ARE YOU ... ARE YOU ... THE IRREPRESSIBLE NIGGER? ... OR THE ... THE ... INTELLIGENT CONTRABAND?"
Apparition.—"NEITHER. I WANT YOU TO STOP CALLING THE REBEL JAYHAWKER'S 'GORILLAS.' THERE ISN'T ONE OF US IN AFRICA THAT DOESN'T FEEL IT AS AN INSULT. AOUR-R-R-R-R-ROOWAOOAH!"

AMBULATORY.

WE understand that Professor PIERCE, of the Rutgers Institute, is about offering his services to the Government for the organization of a military branch sadly needed by our army, namely, a regular Ambulance Corps.

The word *ambulance* is derived from the same Latin root as the verb "to amble." This last, as applied to a horse's pace, has been generally superseded in this country by the verb "to rack"—what are amblers in England being rackers here: but, in the sense of an easy carriage adapted for the transport of sick and wounded men, we should say that the ambulance is anything but a racker, and hope, therefore, that Professor PIERCE may be encouraged to go the pace in perfecting it, and thus preserve our poor fellows from many racking pains.

Surgeon-General HAMMOND, of course, will have a voice in the establishment of the new Ambulance Corps; and as the Knife of that celebrated operator has already been very successfully applied in the excision of the wens that grew upon the department during the charge of his predecessor, we may reasonably hope that he is equally happy in the application of soothing plasters.

The experience of Professor PIERCE, as the head of an institution like the Rutgers, should eminently fit him for any flight of the NIGHTINGALE kind. The members of an Ambulance Corps should be light-handed as women; and we do not see why one should not be recruited altogether from the charming Rutgerian ranks.

"Doth not a Meeting like this make amends?"

WARD BEECHER met WINDALL PHILLIPS in the street, a day or two since.

"Where have you been?" asked BEECHER of PHILLIPS, "I have not seen you for an age."

"I have been on a black-berrying excursion," replied PHILLIPS.

"Ah! indeed?" rejoined BEECHER, in a sympathizing tone—"where did you bury them?"

PHILLIPS left.

Extremes Meet.

WE were startled, lately, by the appearance of a "Health Tract," entitled "Beauty and Medicine," which was handed suddenly to us by a fiend in human form.

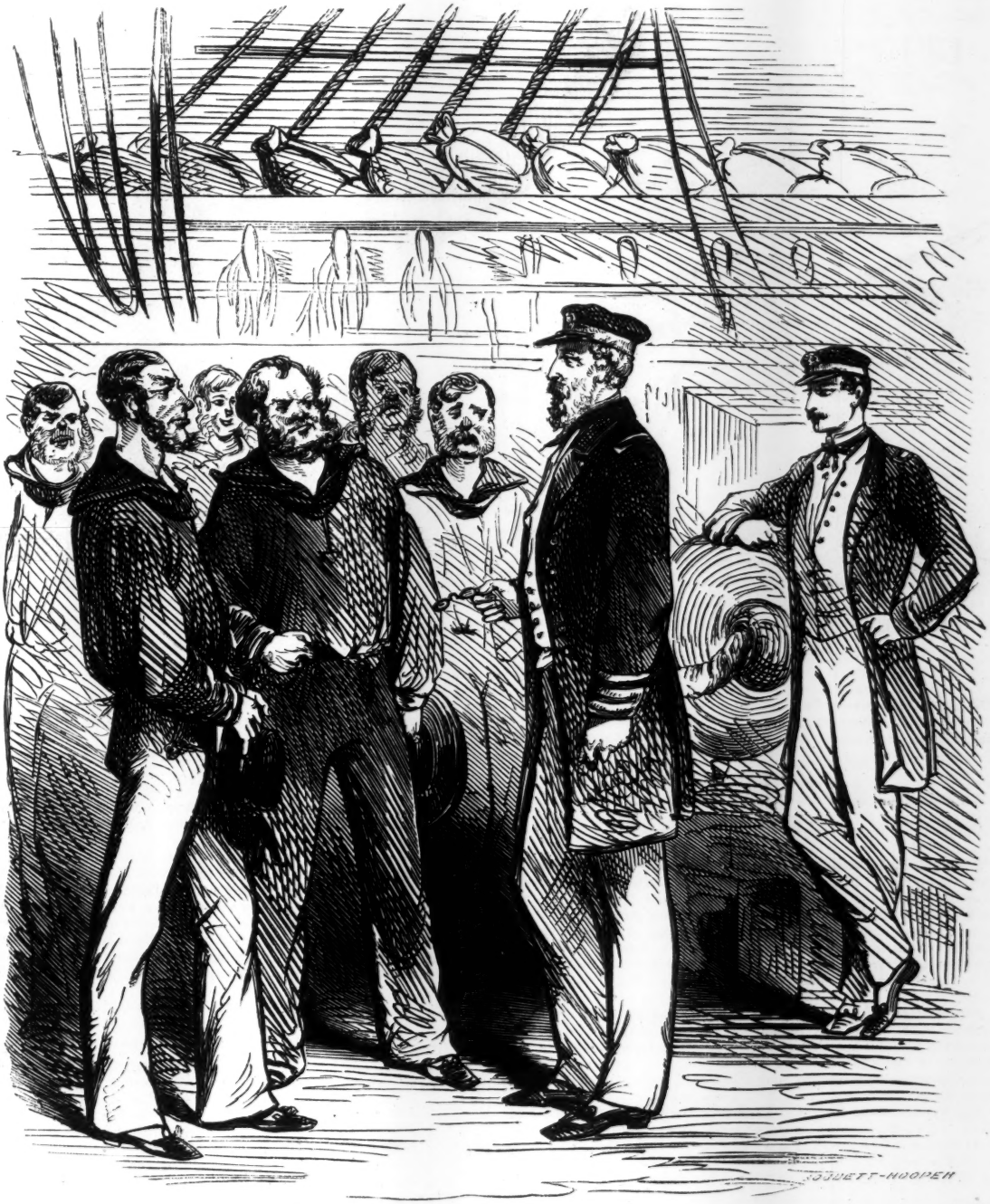
There was something so revolting to us in the idea of coupling Beauty, which can never be a mere drug, with Medicine, which can never be anything else, that nearly fourteen hours elapsed before we could bring our mind to knock off a joke upon the subject. At last, however, our botanical studies came to our assistance, and we remembered that *Bella Donna*, or the "Beautiful Lady," also means "Deadly Nightshade"—a fact which brings Beauty and Medicine very conspicuously, if not appropriately, into contact with each other.

Views Afoot.

VIRGIL began his Æneid with the words, "I sing of the arms and the man," but here we have a correspondent of the *Evening Post* singing of the man without the arms. The writer in question is ecstatic about a certain M. FELA, known as "The Armless Painter of Antwerp"—a Fela who takes snuff with his foot, paints with his foot, and is, so to speak, remarkably handy with his foot. This FELA, we understand, kicks off a portrait with marvellous rapidity. His touch differs from that of all other painters in Toe Toe, and as he passes his feet rapidly over a large canvas it may well be said that he is making rapid strides in art. Would that we had a few such Felas here! Painters, indeed, we have in plenty—Felas who profess to paint, at least; but alas! alas! many, many of them are anything but 'armless!

A Correction.

WE are authorized to contradict the report that Mr. HIRAM WOODRUFF is to edit the *Ledger* during the temporary absence of Mr. BONNER, who is going up Harlem Lane for two minutes, twenty-three seconds and a quarter.



A Ration-al Question.

Spokesman.—"If you please, Sir, will you tell us what our Grog is stopped for, Sir?"

Admiral.—"Well, my lads, I really don't know, unless it's for what you did at Hatteras, Port Royal, New Orleans, and up the Mississippi."

THE VOLUNTEER.

Patriotic Father.—"YES, SIR, HE'S A INFANT UNDER AGE AND WERRY DELICATE—ME AND HIS MOTHER HERE DON'T THINK HE'D SURWIVE A MARCH!"

At the Sea-shore.

"AH!" mused the Shaksperean Dyspeptic, as his eye wandered moodily along the row of belles at the hotel table; "ah! how true OTHELLO'S words:

"'To think that we can call those delicate creatures ours,
But not their appetites!'"

It Looks So.

THE redoubtable X., in payment for a cigar, pulled out a little swab of gummy, greasy, filthy postage-stamps.

"Can't you give me hard money?" asked the Cigar Lady.

"Well, Madam," responded X., "I have seen very little harder-looking money than that!"

Les Miserables.

IN the novel of "Marius," by VICTOR HUGO, there is a sketch of a reformer who all his life has been unsuccessfully trying to do two things, namely: "to overturn the government and to get his trousers mended." Can it be possible that M. HUGO had HORACE GREELEY in his eye when he elaborated the character alluded to? We believe that the two points quoted have never yet been reached by our Reformer of the *Tribune*, and it is possible that his mighty struggles to achieve them have reached the ears of the distinguished French novelist, and been chronicled accordingly.

Chiropodistical.

TINCTURE of Arbor Vitæ is now advertised as a certain cure for corns. For our part, we should have thought that tincture of Oak would be more efficacious, considering that A Corn is homœopathic with regard to Oak.

"What's in a Name?"

So said SHAKESPEARE to his friend JONES. "Not much, 'aperiently,'" replied the latter with a furtive glance; "but I rather fancy *yours*." JONES probably was sincere. For "SHAKESPEARE" somehow has a good sound. Quite as good as JONES, we think; and our name is neither JONES nor SHAKESPEARE.

But a little incident of recent date seems to justify the "divine WILLIAMS" in his contempt for distinctions based exclusively on nomenclature. There is—or, properly speaking, *was*—in Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania, a paper called the *Patriot and Union*. Now it would seem that if a "name" *could* do much for a paper, *this* name, in *these* times, should have benefited the journal in question. But it didn't; for the other day the editors and publishers of that paper were arrested and taken to Washington, "charged with issuing treasonable posters calculated to retard and embarrass recruiting throughout the State."

The question naturally comes up, "What sort of *Patriot*ism and *Union*-ism did this unfortunate journal deal in? In other words, were these products calculated for the right meridian? Or, in still other and more significant words, wouldn't the name have been more valuable in a protective sense had Harrisburgh been situated on the Tombigbee?"

Sealed answers to the above will be received during the week, and attended to with neatness and despatch.

News from the South-West.

FROM Lexington we hear that, on the approach of the Confederate forces, Col. HOUSTON ordered all the hemp in that town to be burned, "to prevent the rebels from making hemp-balls again for breastworks."

That hemp should be used by the rebels for breastworks is, indeed, inadmissible; but we do think that a certain portion of the appropriate vegetable ought to have been reserved, in case fashion should bring it into the market as an article for neck-ties.

A Shaftesbury Characteristic.

READERS of SHAFTESBURY will probably recollect the following premonitory passage:

"HORACE either is, or feigns h'imself, lymphatic, and shows what an effect the vision of the Nymphs and BACCHUS had on him."

Can there be a doubt as to whom the prophetic SHAFTESBURY thus referred? Lymphatic, indeed, in every sense of the word, is our HORACE; while his visions appear to be crowded to suffocation with bacchanalian "colored pussons," engaged in terpsichorean recreations to the tinkling of dulcet banjos.

THE RED SHIRT.

As when a train of coupled cars
Comes rushing o'er the iron bars,
A red flag waved the watcher by,
Gives warning of collision nigh;

So now on the great Old World Road
Signals a coming shock forebode:
The RED SHIRT flickers in the air—
Where is the danger, driver, where?

Not Much.

A WRITER in the Richmond *Examiner* says that the Confederate cavalry have latterly "been content to snuff the Yankees from afar." They can't snuff 'em out, though.

Fossil Footsteps.

THE rocking-chair has always been considered a Yankee invention, but we can trace it back to the Pilgrim Fathers—or, rather, to the Pilgrim Mothers, to whom the idea occurred from seeing Plymouth Rock.

CARDS AND CARTIDGES.

Our heavy-daily war-correspondents notify those whom it may concern that gambling prevails to a fearful extent in the camps, and at the recruiting depots of the Union Army. The martial drum, emblematic of the whacks in pickle for rebel backs, is but too often heard to growl defiantly as the right bower, or left, according to circumstances, comes down upon its skinny face with a *thud*. Cartridge-boxes, on examination, have been found to contain a little more than the "hazard of the die" to which they are legitimately entitled: in one case, indeed, a receptacle of the kind was challenged on account of its bloated appearance, and, when tested by the point of the bayonet, its contents proved to be a pack of playing-cards, a portable apparatus for "fighting the tiger," and a serious Tract upon Euchre.

This, if true, is by no means remarkable; especially now that the "bounties" for enlistment have gone up to a very high figure—a fact which, in itself, by no means assures us that anything like a "bountiful providence" will therefore be recognized by the recipients. We have missed, latterly, from Broadway, five or six of the accustomed loungers by the corner railings—bravadoes with blue-black moustaches and Original-Jacobite breast-pins. One of these insinuating children of the missed flashed yesterday upon us in splendor. He was clad as a warrior, and wore the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant, while the ample play of his hands in his trousers-pockets gave assurance of much secreted weaponage—such as derringers, clubs, spades, and poker.

Eradicate from the army the element of which that sweet young gambolier is a representative—the men of greasy cards rather than of greased cartridges. It is good, we know, in Peace to be prepared for War, but that is no reason why our soldiers, in war-time, should consider Pax (of cards) as a necessary item of their equipment.

Our Dy-nasty.

Apropos of the birth-day of Napoleon III., the French papers remind us that the imperial purple has been worn by that potentate for nearly eleven years.

And what if it has, pray? We know a tidy old swell, here, who has worn his imperial purple for more than twelve—ay, and his moustache, too. You can't come it over us with your dye-stuff, Mounseer!

A Feather from a Pillow.

Smart newspaper writers are making merry over the style and orthography of a captured letter purporting to be from the rebel General Pillow. They are particularly severe upon the opening sentence of the letter, which runs—"The Northern Government is *allarmed*."

We don't see any fun in that. The Northern Government is not only all armed, but well armed, too, and Pillow seems to be aware of the fact.

Over the Bridge.

The man who has dressed his broken nose with a one-cent postage-stamp may indeed be said to have a "blue look-out."

Forbearing.

"We seldom meddle with pure politics," says an English paper. Certainly not, if you look at home, says V. F.; and, if you look abroad to find them, we should like to know where.

A Crying Evil.

The Sunday News-Boy.

Shaky.

A correspondent of a London paper wishes to "obtain the shakers for making American drinks." The drinks themselves would probably be to him the most effectual shakers.

Bloody, Bold, and Resolute.

We notice that the Rev. Mr. Slaughter is very much in favor of War.

Gastronomic.

Irish cook-maids are not always the most reliable. We know of one who maintains that Ox-alic acid is the proper thing for pickling beef.

THE CROTON LAKE.

"One of the great issues before the country" is a phrase extremely applicable to the filling of the new Reservoir in the Central Park, a process which was initiated two or three days since. Crowds of people thronged to the Park, all excitement to behold the mighty rush of the emancipated element into the vasty deep. [We rather guess that last sentence is full value for a blue postage-stamp a line.] Thronging the embankment like a phalanx of busy ants, they gazed fixedly upon the stupendous gates with spasmodic stare. The beating of hearts, the ticking of watches, were loud sounds in the expectant stillness that reigned over all: indeed, when a lady standing near us winked her opinion of the business to a companion, it sounded exactly like a butcher making mutton-chops. Fathers of families brought their wives and children with them, to behold a sight never again to be seen in the present hemicycle. Clergymen came to draw from the gurgling waters a homily for the next church-meeting. Lawyers came to see whether the law might not be picked in the embankment. Physicians came to test the efficacy of the new watering-place. Journalists came to view the novel sight of so much water to no brandy. The interesting water-fowl of the *Evening Post* came in anticipation of a swim. Last of all the water came; about a pint or so we think it was when we left, which we did immediately upon being informed that it will take until about the middle of January to fill the chasm, supposing the frost doesn't interfere.

A WATERING-PLACE.

One of the correspondents of a Boston paper, writing from Saratoga, gives the following glimpse of life at that healthful place of dissipation:

"The dresses are gay and costly, and the belles are nightly arrayed in all their glory. I am told, and my observation confirms it, never was there here so much hard drinking, without drunkenness, as at this season, in which ladies as well as gentlemen indulge."

A slight complication in the construction of the above parargaph leaves the reader in some doubt as to whether the season is what the "ladies as well as the gentlemen indulge" in, or the drink. For the sake of Mumm and Heidsieck, however, we will assume that it is the latter. How we regret, now, that we did not decide in good time upon taking our summer recreation at Saratoga, where the gorgeous exhibition of New-York and Boston belles, "arrayed in all their glory," and regularly on the spree with fancy drinks, and cigars, and all that, might have given us a peep at the Paradise of Mahomet! We are extremely glad to hear that the ladies are becoming such seasoned casks, as we infer that they must be from the assertion that so much "hard drinking without drunkenness" is going on at the fashionable "watering-place" under notice. Hoops for such casks are now no longer a frivolous superfluity. "Life" is everything; and "where there is Life there should be Hoop."

MYTHOLOGICAL MUSINGS.

JUNO is epithetized by HOMER as "The Ox-eyed." We have often wondered why he did not apply the complimentary expression to VENUS, instead, whose husband was a blacksmith, and who, therefore, might appropriately have been catalogued as Ox-eyed of Iron.

MINERVA came into the world by a short cut; that is, she sprang ready-made from JUPITER'S head, which must have been cut for the occasion. How clearly to this circumstance may be traced the plagiarism of a modern poet, who has just written a romance entitled, "Out of his Head!"

Commentators invariably make a bungle of mythology. Take the Homeric expression "Cloud-compelling JUPITER," as an example, which has been supposed by every writer on the subject to bear some allusion to meteorological phenomena. Had these despicable imbeciles but known that meerschaum is principally obtained at the foot of Mount Olympus, a gleam of light might have appeared through the smoke made by them; they would have acknowledged that not to PAN, only, of the gods, was the pipe a solace.

THOR, of the Scandinavian mythology, is supposed to be the deity whose duty it is, at the approach of Spring, to break up the ice with his hammer. What inexpressible fools the commentators be! Not one of them has ever thought of suggesting that from this fact is derived our word Thaw, which is oftener pronounced Thawr than otherwise.

OVID has made several very bad Misses—apart from any allusion to his demi-goddesses. He tells us, prettily enough, how APOLLO metamorphosed DAPHNE into a laurel; but he has forgotten some important particulars connected with the case. When the gentlemanly god thus provided for the nymph, it was upon condition that she should never rest upon the brows of a political brigadier-general. "The bee shall feed upon thy blossoms, little green 'un," said PHŒBUS, "but from the browse of beasts shalt thou be exempt forever."

From the Latin proverb, "*Non ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius*," it might be inferred that the ancients were particular as to the description of timber used by them for figure-heads representing that god only. Not so. HERCULES, patron of pugilists, had but one kind of wood dedicated to him—BOX.

How complicated the Heathen Mythology! How simple, by comparison, that of the United States, of which the Sea Serpent is the Alpha and Omega—the head and tail!

BULL IN CHINA.

OH! BULL is an animal of great sensibilities—BULL is! Bull is the creature, you know, adown whose innocent nose trickled the pure tears of wounded sensibility, because Gen. BUTLER "insulted" the New-Orleans "ladies." But do not let us do BULL the injustice of supposing that he is always a sniveller. There are times when JOHN, having rough work to do, puts his pocket-handkerchief into his pocket, and, having carefully buttoned up the same, falls to, like a dear, savage, unscrupulous, and remorseless JOHN BULL. Let us see!

Our excellent friend, BULL, has just now an army in China.

An army in China! For what?

Why, to put down the Chinese rebels, to be sure, who are trying to depose their august, sublime, high, and mighty monarch.

And what has JOHN to do with that quarrel?

Nothing!

However, there he is, and very thick indeed he is with the Mandarins, hanging, for the sake of tea, upon their greasy old pig-tails, and kissing their bloody hands, and catching men, women, and children for them, to amuse themselves by murdering. JOHN captured a fine lot, lately, and conducted them to the shambles. Every Mandarin, at the prospect of a most uncommonly agreeable bloodshed, grinned from ear to ear with joy. The story of the massacre is enough to make even a stolid and brutal American soldier feel exceedingly ill. JOHN BULL caught a few maidens, and they were debauched, and then slaughtered with such hideous and ingenious cruelty, that we cannot write about it. JOHN BULL caught a few mothers, with infants at their breasts, and JOHN CHINAMAN entertained himself by first killing the infant and then the mother—quite a delightful invention of cruelty! JOHN BULL caught a few old men and women, and they were slaughtered—but that's of no consequence! But we don't intend to go on. We spare our reader the pain of knowing even of these hideous cruelties practised upon the human game which the great English Christian bagged alive, and brought in, for the delectation of his heathen cronies, in comparison with whom the Indian Sepoys were all Members of the Society of Friends, in full standing.

O JOHN BULL! JOHN BULL! What an Old Humbug you are! you great beef-eating Bundle of Contradiction! You great beer-swilling Hogshead of Hypocrisies! Now you pray, and then you plunder—now you pity and then you pillage—now you mourn and then you massacre—now you blubber for the Black Man, and then you disembowel the Yellow Man—now with ludicrous complacency you preach of Human Love and Brotherhood, and then you gore whole nations with your blood-dripping horns, and like a Bull of Geryon, gorge yourself with human flesh! There is a famine in Ireland, there is starvation in Lancashire, there is every imaginable crime in London, there is an over-crowd of paupers in all your workhouses, and you merely put your fat thumbs into the pockets of the ample waistcoat which covers your protuberant paunch, and grunt out: "Look at America! Look at wicked America!"

O BULL! do you ever read History? And don't you know what happens, sooner or later, to such as you? Why, in the name of PLUTUS, the God you worship, do you throw away so much hard cash every year, to have read to you that old rebuke, "Now do ye, Pharisees, make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness"? Why, JOHN, your cup and platter are not clean, even on the outside! You are behind the Pharisees. Pull down your churches! Unfrock your clergy! Be honest, JOHN! and having done all this, sing, as loud as you can bellow:

"I want to be a Heathen,
And with the Heathens stand."

STANZAS TO A. PIKE.

ALBERT PIKE, of Arkansas, the redoubtable *coureur des bois*, has tendered his resignation to the Rebel government. He states that he is no longer fit for active duty, having grown too fat to ride on horseback; and, what is another disqualification, he is very unpopular with his command of Texan outlaws.—[*Vide newspapers.*]

I.

Alas! poor PIKE, subject for ribald mirth,
Now that thy girth,
With dread circumference advancing, doubles
Thee and thy troubles,
Thine be no longer, hence, the shrill war-whoop,
The scalp-lock troop.
Mustang must thou no more for mounting scan,
Henceforth of living flesh the Mountain Man!

II.

Fat filibuster, laggard now in fight,
Girded for flight:
Brigandish bivouac under mere Greenwood tree
A bore must be
To one in "Blackwood" bowers who erst reclined
Ere yet his mind
Succumbed, obedient to the Stern decree
In these four letters merged—O B C T.

III.

Adipose PIKE, adieu! farewell! good-by!
Wipe not thine eye:
No tears for thee e'en faint Secessia bids
Fall from her lids.
Her very outlaws, now, instead of cheers,
Greet thee with jeers:
"Here comes A. PIKE, a whale among the trout!
Hi! Falstaff, Pikestaff, Hi!" the minions shout.

Our Money Report.

INGOT copper, scarce. Outgoing postage-stamps abundant.